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Ex Æd.

Lambethanis

Tho. Tomkyns.

artii 16. 1674.

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A
COMMEMORATION
S E R M O N,

Preached at D A R B Y, Feb. 18. 1674.

For the Honourable Colonel *Charles Cavendish*,
Slain in the Service of King *Charles the First*,
before *Gainsborough* in the Year 1643.

By *WILLIAM NAILOUR*.

Πρωτοπείρας Συζητάμεν.



L O N D O N,

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To the Right Honourable
W I L L I A M,
EARL of
D E V O N S H I R E.

My Lord,



These Papers take shelter under Your great Name, to You they belong of Right as the nearest Relation.

The Person here spoke of was Your Dear Brother; You suffered

A 3 much

The Epistle

much in that Cause for which He was Slain, He was a Martyr, You was a Confessor; He fought upon Your Expense, Your Money raised his Regiment.

If I have fallen short (as needs I must) in the Description of so brave a Man, impute that to the Excellency of the Subject, the best Faces of all others are the hardest to hit, to draw unto the Life.

If any ask, why I would offer to undertake this business? To them I answer, The last words of a Dying person (the Will is such) To me are Sacred, by no means to be neglected.

Dedicatoy.

lected. I have but done my Duty,
and though I fail in all points else,
however I shall hope at least to
gain this, *Obsequii Gloriam*, the
praise of a Ready Obedience.

*Knowing Your Lordships Good-
ness so very well, I am inclined to
think, You will not refuse the First
Fruits of his Pen, who subscribes
himself in good earnest,*

Your Lordships

Most devoted, as most
obliged Servant

Southampton
House,
March 29.
1675.

W. Nailour.



2 S A M. iii. 38.

*Know ye not that there is a Prince,
and a great man fallen this day in
Israel?*



IS a Law of the twelve
Tables, Let the Names
of Honourable Persons be
celebrated in publick As-
semblies, in Funeral Ora-
tions; and it is most e-
qual; meet, and right that
they whose Works praise them in the gates,
should be commended there too; where
there is the greatest concourse of the People.
The Roman Oratour viewing the Troubles
which ensued the fall of L. Crassus takes his
Death at the hands of the Gods as an Act
of Grace and Favour; not as an expression
of their wrath and indignation. When I
reflect upon the distractions, and confusi-

*Homoratorum
victorum lau-
des in concio-
ne memoran-
tur.*

*Sed ii tamen
Remp. casus
secuti sunt,
ut mihi non
erepta L.
Crasso à Diis
immortalibus
vita, sed do-
nata mors esse
videatur. Cic.*

B

ons

ons which followed the Death of Colonel *Cavendish*, methinks the Powers above did not snatch away his Life in anger, but rather conferred Death upon him in pure kindness, that so his eyes might not behold what his great Spirit could never brook; I mean the sight of Rebels triumphing, Usurpers domineering. A dying Emperor in *Ammianus Marcellinus* tells us, that it is low, mean, and effeminate to moan and bewail the Death and departure of a Princely Person, who hath exchang'd a corruptible Crown for one that fadeth not away. All this I grant, and yet with all 'tis manly enough to rehearse the brave Actions of Heroick Persons after their Death, and offer them to the present and future Ages for imitation. That's my business at this time, to represent the Glorious *Exit*, the Honourable Fall of the truly Noble and Valiant *Charles Cavendish*, this day is design'd for his Commemoration. Give me leave then to arrest your thoughts, to rouse up your Memories with this question; *Know ye not that there is a Prince, and a great man fallen this day in Israel?*

*Humile est
caelo fide-
busque conci-
liatum lugeri
Principem.*

These

These words were utter'd by *David* upon the death of *Abner*, one of great Name among the Souldiers. I will look over the words as they lie in order with some observation, and after that I shall apply them to my present purpose.

The first Observation I make is this, *A Great mans Death passes not without a signal remark, and publick notice*, the King talks of it; the Court does ring of it; *And the King said unto his Servants, Know ye not that there is a Prince fallen, &c.* Private men may steal into their graves without notice, and lie there as obscurely as they liv'd here, but Great men can't do so; thus the light of a smaller Star may be intercepted and nobody heed it, but if the Sun is eclipsed all observe it: Great men are the main wheels in this Machine of the World, and if they fall off they make a great alteration; whereas meaner men are as the Dust upon these Wheels, and if that falls off who does mind it? When the Grand Signior lay a Dying, and they ask'd him about his Successor, he demanded thereupon; *Will there be*

any World when I am dead? He thought his Change would change the Universe. The Fall of a Great man does amuse the World, alter its Figure, and put things into another posture : but when a Poor man Falls we consider it no more then when one Atome in a Sun-beam strikes down another. When a tall Ceder, or a stately Oak does fall, 'tis with a great noise, but 'tis not so with the smaller wood, the lower shrubs. When tidings came that the Great *Pan* was dead, that report was eccho'd with howlings and ejulations ; and the Death of a great Commander creates a Pannick fear, gives a whole Army terrour and amazement, whereas the death of a Common Souldier makes no hubbub, is undiscern'd, not lamented.

The Death of a great Person can't go by us without notice ; *This then gives you a just account of your present meeting.* A great Man is fallen, I mean the Honourable *Charles Cavendish*, second Son to the Right Honourable *William Earl of Devonshire* deceased, and *Christian* his Wife my Noble Mistriß. He was slain in the Service of his Lord and Sovereign

veraign *Charles* the First of Blessed memory, before *Gainsborough* in the Year 1643. His Body was carried to *Newark*, a Garrison of the Kings, and there buried in the best manner, that is, according to the Rites of the Church of *England*. The Corps of this brave Person we have brought to this Place to be laid in the Sepulchre of his Ancestours. Now 'tis not fit such Dust as this should be hudled up in the dark, should be translated in silence, which deserves the fairest Epitaph, the noblest Monument, the best Encomiaist. O that this *Achilles* had his *Homer* too! That the Name of Colonel *Cavendish* might last with Ages, might vie with Eternity! What *Seneca* says of the Stout *Cannius* let us engrave upon the Tomb of the undaunted *Cavendish*, *Dabimus te Æternitati sacrum Caput*. And that for the First Observ. The Second follows,

Extraordinary Persons are not exempted from the Common Laws of Mortality, the Prince and the Great man fall too, they must go the way of all Flesh, and Death must feed upon them. Great men and Potentates of the earth are

terrestrial Deities, I have said, Ye are Gods ; and all of you are Children of the most High. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the Princes. Great men have those that clear the passage , that prepare their way before them ; but they can't say to Death, stand off, bear back, or if they do, that grim Sir minds not these whiffers, but goes on his equal pace, and makes not distinction betwixt the Poor man's Hut and the Prince's Palace. The mighty man must fall just like the Mean, only his Death makes the greater noise , and *Lucian* fanci'd in the shades below, his Ghost too roar'd the louder , otherwise he could imagine no difference betwixt 'em. The Favourite of a King must die as sure as he that's frown'd upon at Court, *Haman* as well as *Mordecai*. *Achitophel* that spoke Oracles must die as sure as *Nabal* that talk'd non-sense. The Rich man and the Beggar must meet in the Grave (*Dives* died as well as *Lazarus*;) the Coward and the Courageous must mingle ashes.

Now if this be so, Then you that stand High,
be not high-minded but fear. Give me leave
to

to say to you, what a Slave was commanded to a *Roman Victor* in the hight of his Triumph, *Respice futura, & hominem te esse cogita*, Consider what's to come, remember you are Mortal, It is appointed for you too once to die, and after this the Judgement. Those who are the Keepers of our Liberties, who shall set bounds to theirs? The thoughts of Death and Judgment will do it most effectually, the *Roman Tribunes* were not so Sacred as these, the *Lacedæmonian Ephori* were not so powerful. You that stand high, and live so too, and over-drop the Shrubs about you, if you (like the Prodigal) spend your Estate in Riot among Wanton Women, and mind not the Cries of the Poor, and that you are their Steward; then I must advise you to read the Doom of *Babylon* with trembling lest it should be yours, How much she hath glorified her self, and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her, in the Cup which she hath filled, fill to her double. Great men must die as well as others, and they have a greater account to give then Others have (for to whom God hath committed much, of him he will ask the

the more) therefore they must not be high-minded, but fear. And, that for the second Observ. The Third ensueth ;

They that stand in high, stand in the most slippery places, and so are aptest to catch a Fall ; The Text tells us there is a Prince and a Great man fallen, and 'tis no more then we might well look for. The Life of Man is short, of Kings shorter, of Popes shortest. Kings have their Tasters, and 'tis fit they should, *auror bibitur Venenum*, Poison is drunk out of the Golden Cup, whereas none has a design upon the Poor man's Pitcher. Great men have great Estates, and these are aptest to throw them down, like persons entangl'd in their looser garments. Envy strikes at these men, and a rival Ambition undermines them; some, like *Pompey*, can indure no Peers, and some, like *Cæsar*, no Superiours. A plentiful Fortune creates crudities, and makes a fat Church-yard, and constant Felicity is a thing very hard of Digestion, if Want hath kill'd its thousands, this hath kill'd its ten thousands. They that stand high are apt to be giddy-headed, and they that are so are aptest to fall.

Yon.

You then that stand upon the flat do not Envy,
 rather Pitie those above you, they are ex-
 pos'd to those winds and storms which flie
 over your heads; when they are in turmoils
 you are at quiet. Hear one speak for all
 the rest and have compassion. We Great
 men (says no mean Statesman) are like
 common Pools, to which all the Beasts of
 the Forest resort, and they only exhaust and
 trouble the Waters; you think we sleep
 upon a Pillow of Downe, but there is a
 Stone in't; our nights are broken, but you
 may rest whole ones; there is no end of
 our Cares, as there is no end of our Posses-
 sions. The wearing a Crown gives the
 head-ach, O Woman, you would not stoop
 to take up that rag out of the dirt, did you
 but know how much trouble was wrapt up
 in it: these words were spoke by a King, and
 were said of a Diadem. Great men (says
 the famous *Verulam*) are like the Celestial
 Bodies, they have much Veneration but no
 Rest; but there is this difference betwixt
 them, those Stars are always Fix'd, these
 are still a falling. It is a pitiful condition
 which Kings and Great men are commonly

in, so many Passions so many Masters, so many Servants so many Flatterers. Who may say unto them, What do ye? Great men seldom hear the Truth; or if they do, He that tells it becomes their Enemie, thus frantick people will fall foul upon their best Physitian. Offer to reprove Great men, and you offer them an affront, they cannot bear it; tell them what will befall them if they go on in their licentious courses and your mouth shall be stopt; Prophecie not again any more at *Bethel*, for it is the Kings Chappel, and it is the Kings Court; and Great men are Little Kings, and their Houses are Courts too in a smaller letter and edition. You that stand upon the level, do not judge according to outward appearance, but judge righteous judgment. Consider well the case and condition of them that stand highest and you will find cause to change your Envy into Pity, your Admiration into Compassion. And that for the third Observation. Now the fourth and last advances;

The holy Land is not a place priviledged against

gainst the arrest of Death, it seems they die too in the Land of Canaan, in the land of Israel, a Prince and a great man did, and the smaller fry cannot hope to fare better. Christ died there, and is the Disciple above his Master? it is well for him if he be as his Master. When Man's Sin first made a breach into the World, at that breach Death entered; and since that, Poor man can take sanctuary in no place but Death will find and fetch him out; If you should take the wings of the morning (set out never so early) and dwell in the uttermost parts of the Earth, yet Death would overtake you, still you are in his Dominions. If any place would secure a man against Death methinks it should be the Land of Canaan, which is a type of Heaven, the Region of Immortality. But this will not do it; for I observe of the Land of Canaan what the old Philosopher did of Rome, Here men die too. In this the Type (the Holy Land) falls short of its Antitype (the Kingdom of Heaven) in that Kingdom Moth and Rust do not corrupt, Death

cannot break through and steal away any, they that are there live and see God; but none here can live and see him, we must die to do it.

Now since it is so that the best place is not privileged against the Arrest of Death, where ever then you are look for Death, there expect it. This advice the best of Stoicks gives you, *Incertum est quo te loco mors expectet; itaque tu illam omni loco expecta.* Death like Lightning enters every where, any Pore in your whole Body is a passage big enough; and he that thinks in any place to fence himself against Death is just as ridiculous as that Roman Emperour who run under his Bed to shelter himself against Thunder. If you are at Sea, then there are but three inches betwixt you and Death; if at Land, that ground you tread on may be your Grave and long home, the place from whence you shall not return. If you are in the City, the Bells ring out all day long; and if you retire to your Country House, Death is never the farther off though less thought on. If you are under the hardships of War, then
Death

Death stares you in the face every moment; and if you wrap up your self in softness, you may remember that the delicacies at *Capua* made greater havock in an Army then the sore fight of *Cannæ*. When you are in *Durance* and laid in Chains the Iron enters into your Soul, and a Prison is the perfect emblem of a Grave; and when you go abroad your Keeper (I mean Death) goes along with you, is linkt unto you, *Eadem catena & custodiam & militem copulat*. If you are exposed to Air and Wind the Candle of your Life is apt to be puffed out suddenly, or at least to spend it self so much sooner: and if you live in the Shade, under shelter, every minute your Light grows still shorter, still nearer to the socket, *quotidie morimur, & tunc quoque cum crescimus, vita decrescit*. No place, no Condition hath a priviledge, hath an exemption from Death and the Grave, in all places, in all conditions wait and expect them.

And so much for the words of my Text
C 3 by

by way of Observation ; now I come to apply them to the present occasion. And here I shall consider *Abner* 1. In his Titles and Apellations [*being to a Prince, and a great one*] 2. In the manner of his Fall [*and that was by a treacherous hand*] 3. The place of it [*and that was in Israel*] and in all these points the Noble *Charles Cavendish* is his Peer and Parallel.

First, *Abner* was a great Prince in respect of his Command (thus he was Captain of *Saul's* Host, and after that had the conduct of all *Ishbosheth's* Forces) and in regard of his Extraction (thus he was a near kinsman to the first King of *Israel* ;) for *Abner* was the Son of *Ner*, *Saul's* Uncle, 1 Sam. 14. 50.

First, *Abner* was a great Prince in Respect of his Command, He is so, who has the Legions under him, *Phavorinus* says with such an one there is no disputing. They who have the Souldiery at their beck, may talk at a great rate (right or wrong) and use the language of those youngers in *Livy*, that they do *jus in armis ferre, & omnia fortis virorum esse,*

esse, that the Sword is the best divider of Kingdoms, that they who have most Might have most Right; *Our tongues are our own* we are they that ought to speak, who is Lord over us? He is a great Prince who offers to dispose of Crowns and Scepters, and does contest with and contradict too the King of Kings in the doing of it; thus did *Abner*, God Almighty by an express makes *David* King, but *Abner* for all that will set up *Ishbosheth*. This Power it is Gigantick, for it gives battel to Heaven it self, and my argument becomes unhappy by proving too much when thus I prove *Abner* a great Prince, and therefore I will leave it, and proceed to another.

Secondly, *Then consider Abner in point of Extraction, and so he is a great Prince, Abner was the Son of Ner, Saul's Uncle, you may call him (if you please) a Prince of the blood, only the Sceptre departing from Saul's house he must put Fumus under his scutchin. Saul was an extraordinary man in Israel, higher then the rest of the People in Place and Stature from the Shoulders upwards, and He casts*

a great Lustre on his near relations (such as *Abner*) and they shine by his raies. When *Saul's* servants spoke to *David* about marrying their Master's Daughter, He asked them this question, *Seemeth it to you a light thing to be a Kings Son in Law?* And let me ask you this, *Seemeth it to you a light thing to be a Kings Cousin German?* that was *Abner*, a great Prince by virtue of his blood, *ne dicendus sine cura*, and not lightly to be spoke of. *Abner* was a Prince and a great one, and so was *Charles Cavendish*, whether you respect his Command, or his Extraction.

First, If you look upon him in his Command, So He was the Souldiers Mignon, and his Masters Darling, designed by him for General of the Northern Horse (and his Commission was given him) a great mark of Honour for one about five and twenty, *Thus shall it be done to the man whom the King delights to Honour.* There was a time when he that did extraordinary things for his Lord and Sovereign might hope to be rewarded by him in a manner extraordinary. Colonel *Cavendish* was a Princely Person, and all his actions were

were agreeable to that Character, he had in an eminent degree that which the Greeks call *ἐὸς τιμωρίας*, the semblance and appearance of a man made to govern. Methinks he gave this clear indication of a great Commander, The Kings Cause lived with him, the Kings Cause died with him; when Cromwell heard that he was Slain, he cried upon it, *We have done our Business*. And yet two things (I must confess) this Commander knew not, pardon his ignorance, He knew not how to Flie away, He knew not how to Ask quarter. This Youthful Commander knew not how to Flie away, though an Older did, I mean *Henderson*. For when this Bold Person entred *Grantham* on the one side, that wary Gentleman, who should have attacked it, fled away on the other. He knew not how to Ask quarter, his *Roman* courage could not stoop to it. If *Cato* thought it Usurpation in *Cesar* to give him his Life, *Cavendish* thought it a greater for Traytors and Rebels of a common size to give him his. This brave *Hero* might be oppressed (as he was at last by numbers,) but he could not be Conquered, The dying words

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of

of the great *Epaminondas* will suite him, *Satis vixi, invictus enim morior*. What wonders might have been expected from a Commander so Vigilant, so Valiant, so Loyal, so Constant, had he not dropt down in his blooming Age? But though he fell in his green years, he fell a Prince and a great one too, in this respect Greater then *Abner*. For *Abner* that Son of *Mars* deserved his Fathers epithite ~~Μωωγεδον~~, one of both sides, first he sets up *Isboseth*, and then he deserts him. Whereas *Cavendish* merited such a Statue as the Roman Senate decree'd *L. Vitellius*, and the same Inscription, *Pietatis immobilis erga Principem*, One whose Loyalty to his Great Master nothing could shake.

Secondly, Consider the Noble Charles Cavendish in his Extraction, and so he is a branch of that Family of which some descended that were Kings of Scotland, this the word *Fuimus* joined to his maternal Coat does plainly point at. Not to urge at this time his descent by the Fathers side from one of the Noblest Families in *England*. An high Extraction to some persons is like the Dropie,

Dropſie, the greatneſs of the man is his diſeaſe, and renders him unwieldy : but here is a Perſon of great Extract free from the ſwelling of Greatneſs, as brisk and active as the lighteſt Horſeman that fought under him. In ſome parts of *India* they tell us, That a Noble man accounts himſelf polluted if a *Plebeian* touch him : but here is a perſon of that rank, who uſed the ſame familiarity and frankneſs among the mean-eſt of his Souldiers, the pooreſt miner, and among his equals, and by ſtooping ſo low he roſe the higher in the common account, and was valued accordingly as a Prince and a Great one, thus *Abner* and *Cavendiſh* run paralel in their Titles and Appellations.

Secondly, *Let us conſider Abner in the Manner of his Fall, that was by a treacherous hand, and ſo fell Cavendiſh. Abner ſlew Aſahel Joabs brother, but it was in War, it was in his own Defence, Aſahel, perſued him, and could not be diverted although Abner offered to put him by more then once : For Abner ſaid again to Aſahel, turn thee aſide from following* 2 Sam. 2. 23

D 2

me,

me, wherefore should I smite thee to the ground ? But *Asahel* refused and fared accordingly, for he fell by the Spear of *Abner*. This
 2 Sam. 3. 27. makes *Joabs* blood boil over. And when *Abner* was returned to *Hebron*, *Joab* took him aside in the gate to speak with him quietly ; and smote him there under the fifth rib, that he died, for the blood of *Asahel* his brother. Thus fell *Abner*, and thus *Cavendish* ; The Colonels horse being mired in a bog at the Fight before *Gainsborough* 1643. the Rebels surround him, and take him Prisoner, and after he was so, a base rascal comes behind him and runs him through. Thus fell two great men by treacherous hands, but with this difference, *Abner* fell upon a private Pique, *Cavendish* in a National quarrel ; *Abner* fell on the Wrong side, *Cavendish* on the Right, which makes his Fall of the two the more illustrious, the more glorious. And that for the Second particular, The manner of *Abners* Fall, that was by Treachery.

The Third and Last now follows, The Place of his Fall, that was in *Israel*. *Israel* is the Place which God chose to set up his Name in,

in, to establish his own Worship, this Place is famous throughout the Scripture, it is the Glory of the whole Earth, *In Judah is God known, his Name is great in Israel. In Salem also is his Tabernacle, and his dwelling-place in Sion.* Here fell *Abner* in his, and *Cavendish* fell in our *Israel*, the Church of *England*, a Church not only justified by her own Children, but highly applauded, wonderfully admired by Forrainers and Strangers. *Antonius de Dominis* Archbishop of *Spalato*, (a man rarely versed in Antiquity,) owned our Mother for a Church truly Apostolical; and that too when he was leaving us and going to *Rome*. *Fulgentio* the *Venetian* (the bosom-friend of the great Father *Paul*, and his successour in his employment in that state) in his common discourse did often express the superlative value, that vast esteem which he had in his breast for this Church. And *Hugo Grotius* (that Prodigy of Learning) told our Embassadour in *France*, That if he returned safe from *Sweden* (which Crown he served then under the Character of Embassadour) he resolved to come and settle with his Wife and Children in *England*, as

preferring that Church very much before all other of the Reformation. I will allege no more witnesses, the Judgement of this *Triumvirate* may suffice for the Church of *England*. In this Church brave *Cavendish* fell, and what is more then that, in this Churches quarrel. *Abner* troubled *Israel*, though he fell in it; for he made an head, and drew his Sword against a King of Gods choosing: but *Cavendish* sided with such a King, and fought in defence of him and the Church against a generation of men, who cursed all them bitterly that came not in to the help of the Lord against the Mighty, this was the language of their *Demagogues*, thus it pleased them to Christian Rebellion. O my Soul, enter not thou into their secret, unto their Assembly be not thou united!

Thus I have compared Colonel *Cavendish* with *Abner* a fighting and famous man in *Israel*, you see how he does equal, how he does exceed him. Peradventure what has been said may have raised a generous Ambition. If so, you that emulate the Name of *Charles Cavendish*, imitate his Virtues, then
the

the Enemies of my Lord the King, and those that rise up against him shall do him no harm, so long as there is a succession of men of this Spirit and Principle to maintain and support Kings and Crowns. That such a Race may never fail do thou grant, who art the King of Kings, to whom we render from the bottom of our hearts in most humble manner all Praise and Adoration both now, and ever. *Amen, Amen.*

T H E E N D . .
